

ISSUE No. 1

# Sheer Hose

\$150 GSN

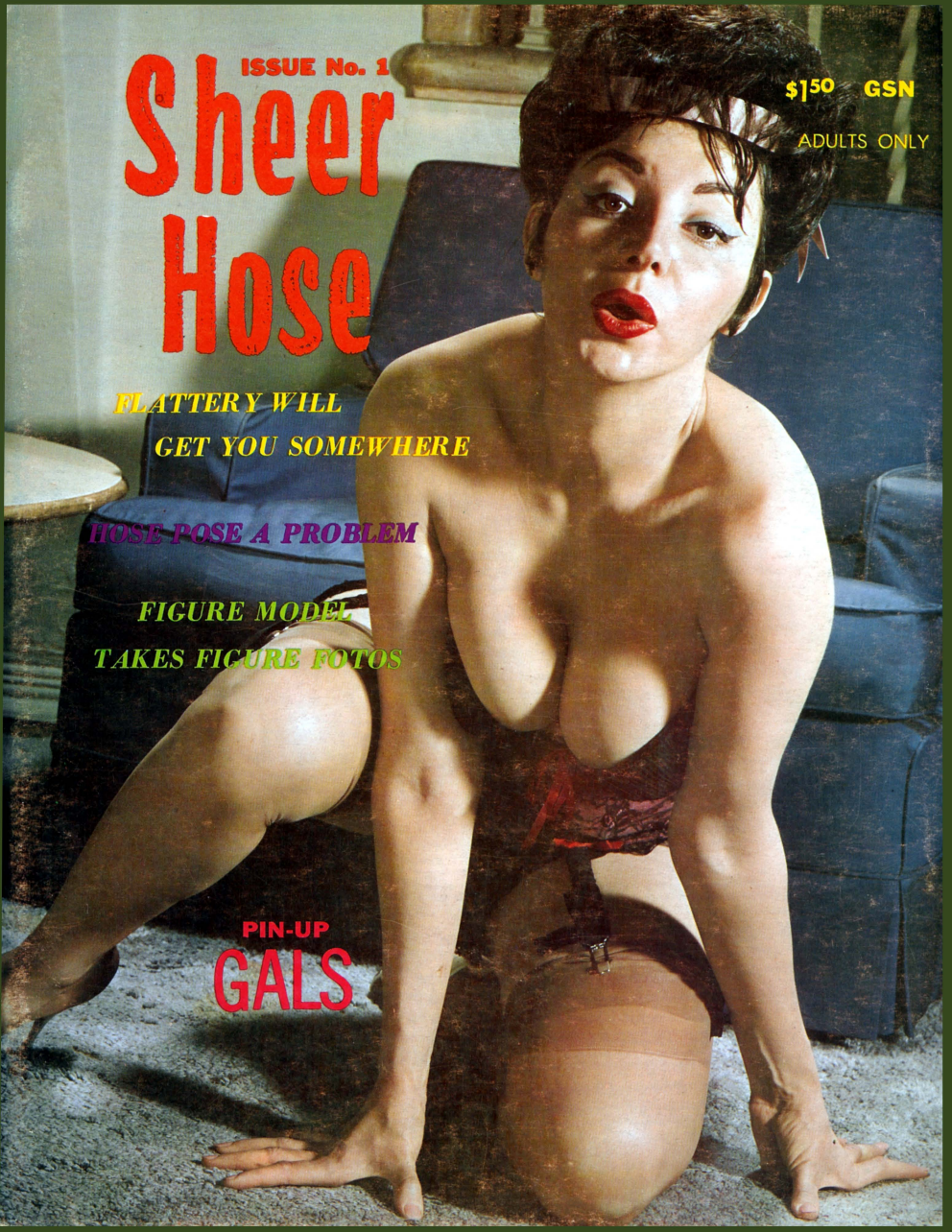
ADULTS ONLY

FLATTERY WILL  
GET YOU SOMEWHERE

HOSE POSE A PROBLEM

FIGURE MODEL  
TAKES FIGURE FOTOS

PIN-UP  
GALS



Most professional photographer's models are exotic dancers, secretaries, or dance teachers trying to earn a few extra dollars by posing in their spare time.

# Sheer Hose

No. 1

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# BLACK IS SEXIER



Men and women both agree that the sexiest color in women's underclothes is black by far. But in recent years there have been so many new exciting colors in nighties, panties and bras that some of the reds, pinks, blues and whites have cut into the popularity that black used to dominate. This is especially true if the girl has a darker complexion or a nice tan.





Take a dark-haired girl with light skin and the lacy black finery can do much to enhance the most exotic feminine look. For pictures in black and white the black underthings are much more desirable.



***BLACK IS SEXIER***



A working girl is taught to smile repeatedly during a working day since in most cases she must meet a critical public, eye to eye. This is a well-trained habit that is hard to break when such a girl goes before the cameras as a newcomer to the modeling field. A pleasant smile, especially one that does not look forced makes a real nice picture but is definitely taboo in figure work where the model should look rather serious and look away from the camera at all times.





TAKE

IT

OFF

There are many reasons that strippers become models. First they are already in a business where they must remove most of their clothes and in front of many people, so they have already lost most of their inhibitions before they even meet their first photographer. Secondly, they are experienced at body movements that project their female figure to utmost advantage for the audience's enjoyment. The step to putting this experience to work in front of a camera is not a difficult one.







Also, most exotic dancers ply their trade at night and are usually available for modeling in the afternoons and early evening. They are seldom out of bed before noon because of their late hours and it would be rare to expect a stripper to be modeling early in the day unless, of course she was between engagements or on a day off.



Another advantage for a photographer to find a model from among a bevy of strippers is the fact that he can visit a number of local nightclubs that feature several unclad artists and get a first-hand look at just what he can expect in front of his camera.



# Savage in Silks



"Losing control, he beat her savagely, laughing madly when she screamed."



(Bodyguard to a saint, the baron turned mass murderer.)

Friend of Joan of Arc, confidant of a king, the Baron Gilles de Rais was all a nobleman should be. He was immensely rich, intelligent, fearless in battle and strikingly handsome.

He was also a butchering sadist who murdered more than two hundred young girls and boys, after using them mercilessly for his corrupt and twisted passions.

As a youth, Gilles was advanced for his age in mind and body, a moody boy who read a lot. His favorite book concerned the lives of Roman emperors. This starkly illustrated volume affected his entire life. Gilles dreamed of the pagan monarchs, of repeating the perverted pleasures of the cruel Caligula and other Caesars.

At sixteen, he was married to young Catherine de Thouars, his family's choice. His lovely bride brought him lands, castles and a huge fortune. She also furnished a novel experience; she was his first woman.

But straight sex wasn't for Gilles de Rais. After three months, he departed on a diplomatic mission, leaving his pregnant wife. He never touched her again, nor any other woman for twelve years.

The nation was torn by war then, and Gilles joined the army. He seemed made to order, showing dash and great courage, and displaying a magnetism that made him a leader. Fierce in combat, he battled first into the fortress of Lude, where he met the English commander Blackburn in individual combat. The Briton fell with Gilles' blade in his throat.

His fame grew, and at twenty-five, he was a Marshal of France. At Chinon, he met Joan of Arc, who was there for an audience with the Dauphin. Gilles was bowled over by the Maid's fervor, and became her protector and champion.

When the Maid of Orleans took command of the French armies, she asked for Gilles as her personal bodyguard, and he was happy to serve her. A trumped-up excuse had called him from her side when Joan was betrayed. Boiling mad, Gilles fumed and demanded France help her. Royalty avoided him.

He appeared suddenly at Louviers with two companies of men, determined to rescue the Maid on his own. For six months, Gilles, tiny force broke themselves against the English line. Joan was burned, and an embittered Gilles turned away from his king and went back to his chateau at Champtocé to brood.

Here his Jekyll-Hyde personality emerged. The great soldier changed places with the perverted sadist. At twenty-eight, Gilles took the first step that was to lead him along a brutal path of torture and murder.

Furious at the world, he had been drinking heavily, sharing wine and curses with a depraved friend, one de Silles. The name of Gilles' first victim is lost, but ancient books tell the story. He and his friend lured a young peasant girl to the castle. She had been chosen because they wanted someone strong and vigorous, someone who could resist and stimulate them.

Terrorizing horseplay preceded the actual torture. Capering drunkenly, Gilles cavorted around his victim, teasing and prodding the naked girl. Losing control, he beat her savagely, laughing madly when she screamed.

When he tired, de Silles took over, trying to outdo his friend. The climax came when Gilles threw himself on the bloody and mutilated girl and took her brutally. When it was over he strangled and stabbed her. The body was thrown into a deep, dry well.

Gilles' major-domo was assigned to find more victims in the war-ravaged countryside, to bring more fresh victims to sate the mad lusts of the Baron.

A young girl or boy might be chained for days in a certain suite of rooms. At last, Gilles would appear, talking softly and with a tray of food. Smiling, he would free the victim and fondle his prey.

Suddenly he would viciously tear the clothes from the horrified child. With whips and chains, he would beat the naked flesh and smile at the screams. After satisfying his passions, Gilles would mutilate the still-living body with a knife. According to the whim of the moment, he would either finish with a quick stab or leave the victim to bleed to death.

After forty such murders, Gilles moved to another of his castles, Machecoul. He was the theater "angel" of his day, pouring money into troops of players, backing lavish

productions and keeping an entire company of actors attached to his personal household staff.

He dressed more expensively than the king, and squandered thousands of goldpieces on a single banquet. Gilles was acting out his imitation of the Caesars to the hilt, even to the two hundred armed horsemen who rode with him everywhere.

Soon he was pressed for ready cash, and mortgaged several castles. He borrowed heavily, and once said: "No one can refuse a de Rais. But if they do, I'll ask the devil."

With a growing maniacal ego, Gilles committed forty more butcheries and moved to another chateau. At Tiffauges, he began another phase of his fantastic career—dabbling in black magic.

Unbalanced by sexual excesses, saturated by bloody crimes, the wealth and power he had wasn't enough. Gilles wanted to lift himself to the position of a demigod, to invoke diabolic powers.

Wizards and charlatans gathered to his court, among them possibly the first practitioner of hypnotism—one Francesco Prelati. The magician tried to teach Gilles the art, and they worked together in alchemy—trying to turn other metals into gold.

If de Rais hadn't turned to sorcery, a crime against the state in those days, it's possible his bloody crimes would have gone undiscovered and unpunished. But whispers of his black magic reached certain ears, and a plot was laid to strip Gilles of his still enormously wealthy estates.

Gilles was pushed into a quarrel with men of Duke Jean, an affair that ended when de Rais led a troop of swordsmen into a church. The Duke charged him with sacrilege, and by greasing the proper palms, helped uncover evidence of many abductions.

The swords that rode behind Gilles' back stood firm. Not a single witness could be found to prove the charge of abduction. Some had vanished overnight; other died suddenly and violently.

Gilles was acquitted, but the lengthy proceedings gave his enemies time to set the stage for another attempt. Shortly after he was freed, Gilles received another mandate—one this one signed by the powerful Bishop of Nantes.

Continued on Next Page

It ordered him to appear before a tribunal to answer charges of sorcery, child abduction, sacrilege, heresy and dealings with the devil himself.

This time his followers panicked. Men who had assisted him in his crimes looted his treasure boxes and scattered. He was arrested, along with a few loyal soldiers, and taken to Nantes under heavy guard.

Raging, Gilles snarled at members of the tribunal: "I do not acknowledge you as my judges. I would rather be executed this instant!"

The court proceeded with the indictment, and Gilles admitted he practiced alchemy, but nothing in that science was illegal. He denied everything else, swearing that enemies had invented the stories.

Far below, in a dungeon, the cruel rack had already wrung confessions from Gilles' staff. Tortured men went into details about Gilles' perversions, often embellishing facts with whatever they thought their tormentors wanted to hear.

The murders were proven by these confessions, and word was passed to Gilles. Cunningly, he decided to admit what was already known. Strangely, mass murder wasn't considered nearly so serious as the other charges of traffic with the devil.

The trial was adjourned for awhile. But Inquisitors in the dungeon had a fresh subject—Francesco Prelati. The wizard's hypnotic powers didn't help him when his bones were stretched on the rack. He admitted dealings with dark powers, and implicated Gilles.

Again Gilles was brought before the court, and denied the charges. Standing tall and majestic in brocade silks and laces, he was the picture of a nobleman harassed by vapping curs. The judges whispered together. Evidence given by Prelati was enough to convict de Rais, but this didn't sit right with the Inquisitors.

These sadistic authorities prided themselves on the moral satisfaction they got from sweating out a personal confession of guilt. They insisted that the accused must himself utter the damning words that would send him to the stake.

The Chief Inquisitor stared coldly at the prisoner. "You will be subjected to the tortures, unless you here and now confirm the evidence given by your associate Prelati."

Just as coldly, Gilles stared back, haughty and unmoved. He didn't answer.

Guards took him back to his cell as the courtroom buzzed. People remembered his legendary courage in battle. Bets were laid that the Baron wouldn't break, that the hooded questioners wouldn't force a word out of him.

Gilles was lead down damp stairs to the torture room. He paused for a moment, staring at the spattered walls, at the pincers and spiked boots, the blood-stained whips. His eyes widened at the sight of white-hot irons glowing in beds of charcoal.

There was the rack, its wood blackened by sweating agonies and the lifeblood of a thousand men.

Gilles swayed, perhaps remembering the countless hours of torment he'd inflicted, the delightful screams of pain he had reveled in. He collapsed.

On his knees, sobbing and groveling, the great Baron begged pitiously for mercy, for time to think about his sins. He swore to give the Inquisitors what they wanted, if only they wouldn't torture him.

The judges gave him two hours to ready his soul. In open court, Gilles admitted his crimes. He listed the hundreds of murders, calling names, going into sordid details that drew shocked gasps from the audience.

He has humble now, without arrogance, begging for forgiveness. He saw parents of remembered victims in the courtroom, and pleaded for their mercy, too.

Judge Pierre l'Hopital pronounced sentence: "All castles, houses, land and mines of the prisoner will be confiscated. He will be hanged, with all associates, and burned while still alive."

Gilles collapsed again.

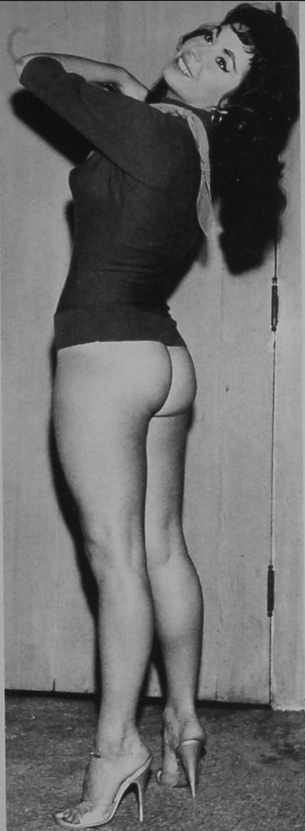
Next morning the entire city turned out for the execution. The killer who thought himself above the law, who pictured himself a Caesar and demi-god, surprised them all by appearing surrounded by members of the clergy. He had asked for their presence.

Men in black hoods stretched him on ropes and lighted wood beneath him. Gilles twisted frantically as the flames reached up. He began to scream, thin and high, as his victims had once screamed under his lash, under the steel of his knife. The fire ate slowly at his body.

Bodyguard of a saint, companion to kings, wealthy and handsome, the Baron Gilles de Rais had been a figure of national glory and military honor.

But when his blackened corpse at last hung still and quiet, the crowd remembered none of these things. They remembered only that a coward had died there, screaming until the end.





There are more pretty girls working in the nightclubs in Las Vegas than in any other city in the U.S. and Carol Hill is one excellent example.



# Figure Model Takes Figure

## Fotos

Everyone is always looking at another guy's job and wishing he could trade jobs with him. This was the case with a model who had worked on hundreds of assignments while suppressing an urge to take up the camera and work from the opposite side of the lens. The set of pictures that unfold on this and the following pages are fine examples of how this model turned photographer used her modeling experience to advantage in posing her own subject.











Since many of her friends were working as models, the model turned photog was in a favorable position to arrange picture sessions. Add this to the fact that these girls were more than willing to work for another woman, one they knew and trusted, and one can readily see why a model might achieve immediate success with a camera.





A "Party Girl" theme may take up several rolls of film or if a prop is used such as the one below, many artistic poses may be arranged. For most figure work, however, it is preferable to use a minimum of prop equipment since it is the female figure that is the subject of the pictorial and the immediate area should remain uncluttered.



*FIGURE MODEL*

*TAKES FIGURE FOTOS*





Biggest trouble with most props is that not only are they expensive to buy or rent but when they are used once with only one model, they must be either discarded or altered so that they will not be recognized. If a model owns a prop and offers to pose in a scene with it, a photog would have to suspect that she has posed for many other photographers using the same prop.





By **CONNIE SELLERS**

(A quarantined planet was the perfect hideout for an outlaw—or so one killer thought.)

He was cutting it damned close, forcing himself to stay in the airlock, although every sense screamed to him to get out—now, fast!

But Kia had to take the chance, had to ride the ship down until the escape sled would be only one of too many screen pips on the Patrol's radar.

Kia braced himself, hands sweaty on the sled grips, as graygreen jungles of the planet below raced up to meet him. It had to be timed, for the well-armed representatives of the benevolent race of man were difficult to trick. If the stunt didn't work, he'd die.

# INCUBUS

Benevolent man! Kia wanted to spit. Damned earthlings, all sweetness and light. Only they hadn't conquered the known universe with gentleness. By the dark gods of Sadis, no! It had taken firepower and guts for that.

The moment was now. Kia slapped and kicked out of the port in a gush of air. The little jet sled arched out and away from the doomed ship.

With a roar and a concussion wave that bobbed the sled like a cork, the ship lanced in. Skittering over the treetops, Kia grinned through set teeth. Let the Patrol nose around the wreck; let them spray-cool it and search for the remains of a body.

Kia cut the jets and coasted through the tropic air of the planet Hymenoptera, skillfully edging the sled under overhanging trees. Through Patrol teams would find a body, all right, but its acid-eaten fragments wouldn't be identifiable.

He braked the sled and let it settle on a moss bank, listening for the howl of rockets, for the thunder of the Patrol ship as it pinpointed in on the wreck.

Damned earthlings; smug, self-appointed gods. They didn't credit other races with intelligence. Not to match their own, anyhow. Particularly, the Patrol didn't think an outlaw "humanoid"—damn, how Kia hated that word!—could possibly outsmart them.

Well, this "humanoid" had. They'd chased him through three galaxies, and he'd managed to stay a step ahead of them all the way. He'd also realized he couldn't outrun them forever.

When prey couldn't run any more, it found a place to hide. Only the hunters had to think you were dead, or they'd keep looking. Therefore, the wrecked ship. Therefore, the charred and shattered corpse left for Patrol investigators.

All their science wouldn't tell them if that body was "human" or merely "humanoid." Kia felt the ground tremble as the Patrol ship landed, heard the faroff hiss of frying jungle.

The corpse was human—a beautifully dead human, conqueror defeated, fallen god, one of the mighty masters brought low. Kia spat at a purple-veined flower. Master, hell. The earthman died too easily.

Even decadent humanoids could stand more pain. The weakest child on Sadis wouldn't collapse screaming before the Third Rite has been started. Not the earthling; without Patrol ships and guns, he had begged for death after only the First Rite.

Kia worked his head out of the helmet and unzipped the pressure suit. Swiftly, he covered clothing and sled with moss, and went deeper into the trees.

A superior earthman would have to mark the spot, so he could find it again. Not a Sadisian; they were guided by a precise homing sense. Kia put more jungle between himself and the Patrol.

What better place to go to cover than a quarantined planet? Kia's lips curled. Quarantined by earthmen, but barred not only to their species, to all the galaxies. Damn them and their stiff-necked principles.

Body adapting to the sub-tropic heat, Kia hurried on, noting the absence of animal life where it should be teeming, marking the near-absence of insects. A strange world, Hymenoptera, but not lifeless. Kia had made sure of that, from the star charts.

There was life here, all right—"humanoid" life, to use Patrol phrasing—life warm and female.

Kia checked the survival kit as his belt. Liquids, food tablets, healing drugs and plastic skin—and more vital equipment. The sonic pistol and vibra-knife—both weapons long since on the outlaw list.

Outlaw list! Kia snarled, thin lips pulled back from sharp teeth. His ancestors had made a big mistake. Centuries ago, they should have laid waste that miserable third planet from a weak white sun.

Kia understood why they hadn't, the reason the Old Ones of Sadis had allowed the crawling race of man to live. Earth had been great fun, furnishing Sadisians with the joy of watching wholesale wars as the half-civilized tribes there fought bloodily against each other with primitive atmosphere planes and surface vehicles.

For many years, the rounded saucer ships of great Sadis had visited the Class X planet called Earth, merely to enjoy mass murder. Then, by the flick of a finger, any Sadisian ship could have wiped out the puny world, could have stilled the weak popping of the childlike A-bombs. But they had waited too long.

Kia cursed and struck at perfect blooms that barred his way

Continued on Next Page





Catch a model early in the morning and you have a fresh, energetic and willing subject. Of course you may have to serve them breakfast in bed, wait patiently while they primp and

prepare for the session and she might have to call the office and tell the boss she will be a little late. But otherwise you will have a fresh and willing subject.



Yet kia was careful. Once rulers of many galaxies and countless worlds, Sadsians didn't live out their long life spans by plunging heedlessly into strange situations. No matter how earthlings sneered at Sadsian intelligence, Kia's breed was not foolish.

He scanned the crowd for weapons, and looked beyond the frantic women at the male Vespidae. His mouth curled. Weaklings, hanging back in fear, they were smaller than their females. They were no threat.

But there were others, midway in size between the few cringing men and the tall women. Kia eyed these others closely. They were no webbed loincloths, and he saw they were neutrals.

Kia grunted. Sexless workers, muscled nothings that probably tilled the fields for whatever the Vespidae ate, like the slave classes of Earth's bees. Contemptuously, Kia's mind dismissed them. In all the known universe, only fully-sexed creatures were dangerous.

The women hemmed him in now, the hum of their wings rising, whipping the air with the perfume of their writhing bodies. Perhaps, Kia thought briefly, the Vespidae were not vegetarians after all, but pollen eaters and nectar eaters. That would explain the many blooms in the jungles behind him, the white lillies and other heavily-scented blossoms.

It would also explain another reason earthlings kept this world secret and isolated. Such honeyed perfume and gentle sweetness would appeal to them—the lying swine. It meshed so well with their program of brotherhood and purity.

Kia's hand flashed out to close hard on the arm of a woman with swollen breasts and ringleted hair like a starburst. By the lingering agonies of the Holy Third Rites, this Sadsian would spoil one of Earth's treasure worlds for the master race!

The woman came to him, an odd clicking purr bubbling from her throat, the golden globes of her breasts flattening against him. A disappointed buzzing rose from the others, and Kia noticed the males had all vanished.

Kia's woman held him close with surprising strength. A startled curse

jolted out of him as she beat her wings and lifted them both from the ground.

Together, they lifted high above the clearing. Kia clung to her; without the solid comfort of a jet sled under him, it was a long way down. Some distance away, he could see the blackened landing pad for the medic ships.

Then he saw the pen, the cages holding animals he recognized as native to a dozen worlds. Kia frowned, and caught his breath as the woman carrying him swooped for the entrance to one of the nest-like houses.

For a moment, the *why* of the animal collection bothered him. Then he shrugged it away. Evidently gifts from the medic ships, and there was no rule that nectar sippers like the Vespidae couldn't also have meat.

The woman deposited him gently in the entranceway, but held tightly to his arm. Kia touched an exploring finger to the curved wall. It had the texture of paper. The female urged him up the sloping hall, buzzing in excitement, her folded wings quivering in tempo.

Kia didn't have to stoop to enter the room, a hexagonal cell partitioned away from the rest of the house. Its floor was bare, and downy with flakes of something that looked soft and resilient.

It was—but no match for the woman's warm and giving body. She was at him with a tender fury, with imprisoning legs and pistoning hips.

Her wet mouth—so oddly akin to mandibles—searched over his, demanding, wild. Its thirsty violence shook Kia as he had seldom been stirred before. She might have been of the dark blood of Sadis itself, for there was cruelty in her, and the sweet joy of pain as Kia's hands closed hard over her swollen breasts.

Aiee—by the bloodstained altars of Sadis temples, but this was a woman! She fought as she gave herself, fingernails lancing his back, working at the base of his throat with those strong, ridged lips.

Kia reveled in the boiling flesh of her, in the cupping body and clenching hips, in the roll of palewhite thighs that trapped his own.

Continued on Next Page.

men had quarantined this world. The two-faced gods wanted to keep it to themselves. Fat, rich earthlings came here packed in the medic ships to disguise their real reasons.

So much the better. It was more pleasant to take what the earthmen considered theirs, to prove the men of Sadis greater than the simpering preachers who hid behind Patrol ships and pretended to be above such things.

And the situation offered Kia more than this man-hungry sea of women. When the so-called medic ship came, its crew and passengers would scatter among these hanging houses, each man with one of these females—each man with thoughts far from danger.

It would be their last mistake. One by one, Kia would cut them down. Man by man, this scorned humanoid would put death in their bellies. He might even be able to save a few for the Rites, those entrancing tortures devised by the same ancestors who had built the saucer ships so long ago.

But that would come later. There were more immediate decisions. He had to choose a woman from the whirling, desperately offering loves who spun and posed around him.

Her hair under his hand were feathered antennae, tight-twisted ringlets that seemed to hold a life of their own. When the throbbing grew within him, rising to crest of flame and bubbled fury—just at that bright, dazzling spasm of time, Kia felt the stab.

He spat, and lifted himself to chop savagely with the calloused edge of a practiced hand. Something broke in the woman's throat, and palegreen blood flooded out of her mouth and rivered the stilled marble breasts.

On his feet with the sonic pistol in one hand, the other clutching the wet wound low down in his belly, Kia stared at the luster dying in the woman's wings. Raging, he called down the soul-destroying curses of Sadis priests upon her.

The agony in his groin faded so swiftly that Kia's black brows lifted in surprise. The Vespidae bitch hadn't put her blade deeply, then. He rolled her corpse with his foot, looking for the knife. There was no weapon, and Kia frowned.

He'd find it later. Now he had to get rid of the woman. He stooped and dragged the body out of the cell and down the sloping hall. These winged people must have occasional accidents, and so Kia wouldn't be blamed if this one fell.

He pushed her body out of the nest and grinned. Too many of those women down there had wanted him; they wouldn't worry about that dead thing turning end over end through the air.

Kia turned away from the entrance, fingers searching over the puckered wound in his stomach. Then he heard the noises—the whimpering sound from back up the hall.

There had been a witness, at least, someone who'd heard the incident with the woman through those damned paper walls. Kia raced up the hall, sonic gun reaching out ahead of him.

Kia's target was in another hexagonal cell, and the sights of the pistol swung to line up on the little male Vespidae. Kia sucked in his breath at the sight of the man's belly, swollen huge and straining against the stretched skin that held it.

Agony etched deep in the man's face, incomprehensible pain gasping through his mandible-mouth, gleaming from the complex facets of his fevered eyes.

There was a puckered wound far down in the grotesque belly, and Kia's eyes widened. Numbness spread from Kia's own wound and raced swiftly through taut muscles and stiffening bones.

He fell. Rigid paralysis held him motionless, so tightly that he strained to breathe.

With brutal and terrifying clarity, Kia knew why the man's belly was swollen. The answer had been drawn out for him by the cringing fear of the few Vespidae males, by the breeding animals brought by the medic ships to this quarantined world long since stripped of its own animal life.

Kia tried to retch, remembering how he had searched for the weapon the woman had used on him. It had

A silent, piercing scream of pure madness raged through Kia's brain as he remembered something else and understood the agony on the other man's face.

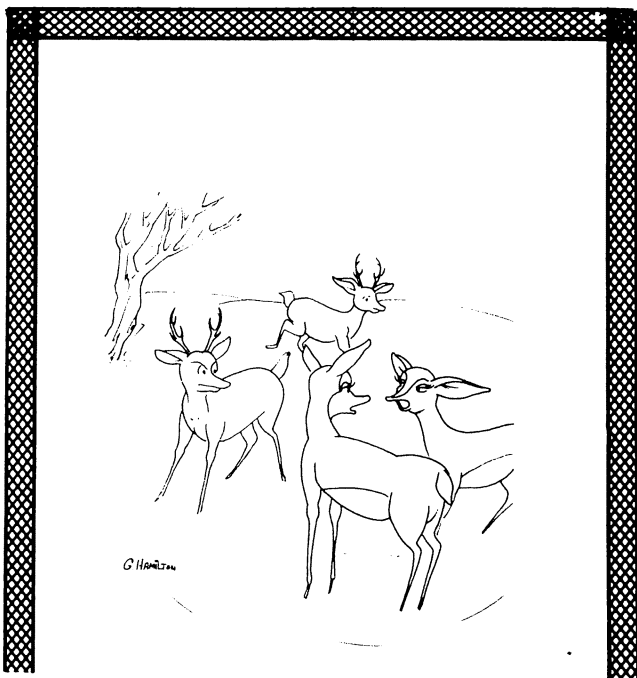
New-born Vespidae larvae were feeding on the man's intestines, and slowly eating their way out into the light.

They would soon be gnawing on his own.

been part of her body, flicking out at the moment of fertilization to pierce his flesh, to reach deep and sharp into his guts. The tube had been slimed with anesthetic juices to first numb, then paralyze.

Now, deep within the straining body Kia couldn't move, there were minute deposits, hardshelled, insectoid ova. Like the winged insects the earthlings called wasps, the Vespidae planted their eggs within a convenient host—an unwilling incubator.

THE END



"Want to make a couple of bucks?"



#### DISCOVERY —

Discovered on the stage at the New Frontier in Las Vegas was this beautiful model on the right. She was doing a walk-on modeling stint in the show that featured several near nude cuties in a number of short skits. She became the subject of some figure studies on the following pages.







From modeling onstage in Las Vegas to modeling in front of a camera is an easy jump for such a curvaceous beauty as this. In fact it is much easier with an audience of only one and the salary is astonishingly about the same per hour.

HOW TO MAKE



AN IMPRESSION



Model wanted to land a job that paid \$10 an hour for two weeks work for a camera student that wanted to do a one-model portfolio as a project at photography school.



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Then there were any number of semi-clad poses that a model might try but not too many since these are all test shots.



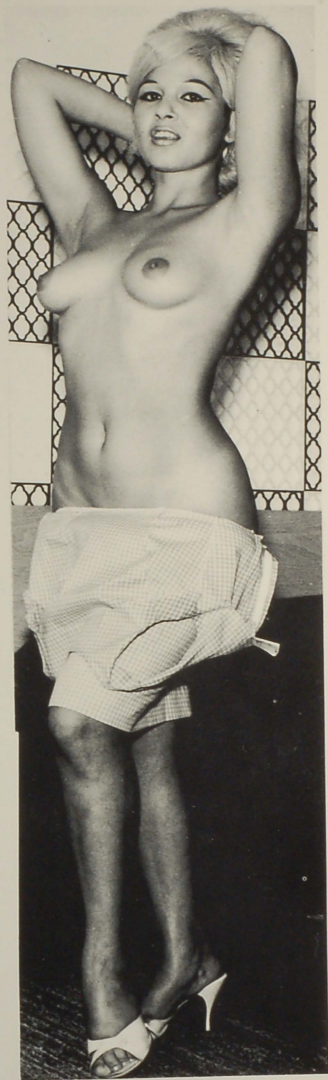
Model hurried in and out of the hose and garter belt routines, tried a few poses in the nude and even accomplished some quick lens dance numbers to impress the student photographer.



## HOW TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION



The real studios poses would have to wait until the actual hiring and with two weeks of posing, there could be hundreds of routines to be worked on.



Needless to say, the model got the job and a tremendous portfolio was shot in less than two weeks but she got her two weeks pay anyway.







# NATASA

Since fleeing from Communist aggression, the beautiful Hungarian brunette named, Natasa, shown on these pages, has risen to such prominence as to be regarded as one of the top five strip tease artists currently appearing on the circuit.







Men cannot resist women in hose and with this knowledge, the exotic dancers in nightclubs throughout the country spend much of the early part of their numbers gingerly removing the hose. The teasingly slow removal of these outer garments is usually highlighted by the slow tantalizing music as the stripper rolls down her hose deftly with her fingertips, all the while turning to her audience to seek their approval. Once the hose are flung aside the tempo steps up as the bumps and grinds accompany the discarding of the last bits of covering up to a point prescribed by law.

Continued on Next Page

Natasa will soon become the subject of a book that should become a best seller. The story of her struggle to survive in Hungary, her ultimate escape after losing half her family, and her meteoric rise to stardom on American's stages would make fascinating reading.



As in the case with many expert strippers, Natasa proves equally adept at modeling, where the income from mostly daytime work can combine with the nightly exotic dancing to run a yearly income into five figures.





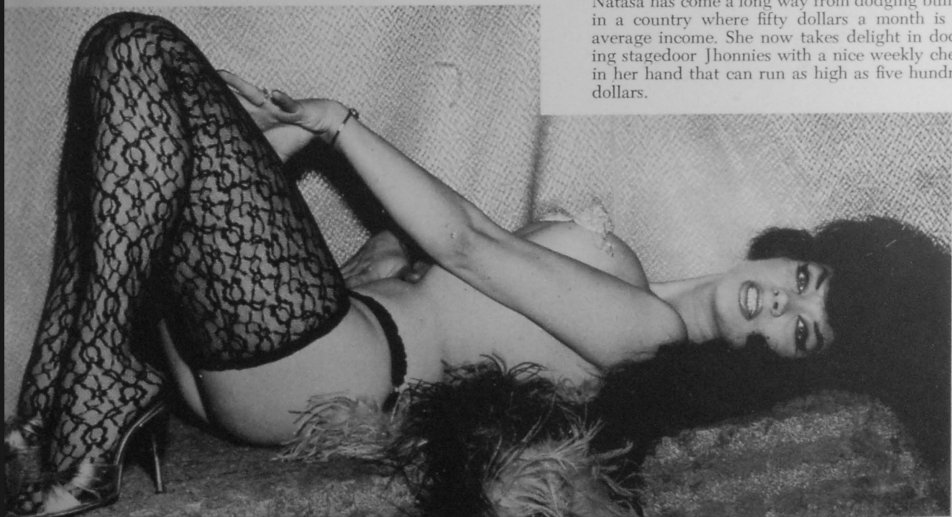
Do hose with such definite print as these actually enhance the beauty of a woman's legs or do they detract from the natural beauty? That is a question that would cause much controversy.

Natasa is such an accomplished swimmer that she once trained for the Olympics. This particular skill undoubtedly saved her life when she once swam to freedom with bullets splashing about her in the water, only to find that her husband had been blown to bits when he was discovered hiding in a farmhouse. With these awful memories of Hungary pushed as far back in her mind as time will allow, Natasa, was understandably thrilled when she saw her name standing alone at the top of a theater marquee for the first time.





Natasa has come a long way from dodging bullets in a country where fifty dollars a month is an average income. She now takes delight in dodging stagedoor Jhonnies with a nice weekly check in her hand that can run as high as five hundred dollars.



# RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN



"The Sabine chicks and the Romans were orgying all over the place."



(The chicks yelled loudest before the rumble, of course.)

Romulus had him a city. It wasn't much—a couple of ginnills, a mud wall and a palatium. But he was short of citizens, and blabbed around about this asylum he had in mind—a kind of Latin Dodge City, where the law would keep its nose in its pocket.

Man! No sooner did the Daily Stylus hit the streets than the creeps picked up on it. And away they went—grifters, dips, strong-arms, all the fast-coin boys anxious to shake the heat.

Trouble was, there wasn't a chick among them. The guys sat around in togas with buttons off, holes in their sandals, and letting their crew-cuts grow. Drag-racing chariots was okay for awhile, but the winners got tired of smuggling up to olive wreaths. And those GI cooks were murder.

"Lookie here now," they told Romulus. "We tap for taxes, you got to come on like the lonely hearts. Like dolls, man."

Now Romulus dug dolls, too. He had a garden full of them, and dug up one or two every night. Only he never could get used to the mud between their toes.

He brained the idea, and liked the community property angle. Romulus already had a head tax going for him, and he figured why not look at it from another end.

"Grab your tablet," he told his secretary, "and a Bromo for me. Take a letter to the Sabines over on knob hill. But just take it to the door. I got other plans for you this afternoon."

Well, Romulus tried to play it straight, offering Joe Taitus free tickets to the drag races, a cut of the Coliseum take, and a reserved table at the palatium on Saturday nights.

The head man of the Sabines put him down. Joe wanted the olive wreath concession, too, and thought Romulus might as well throw in the toga cleaners protective association.

Romulus flipped. He jumped into his chopped chariot and worked off his mad by burning rubber from the mayor's office clear down to the Apian Way. Blew the gaskets right out of two overhead valve horses.

Then he decided to play it cool. Being as how this other Latin hadn't

invented the telephone yet, Romulus just yelled across to his mouthpiece, Sam Consus. This Consus cat didn't get all the ticket-fixing trade because he had a draft through his ears. This boy could think up a storm.

He advised Romulus to invite Joe Taitus and the Sabines over to a hop, touting him in with some jazz about discovering the Maiden's Lost Altar—a case still open on the blue boys' rap sheet. Joe thought he said something about maidenform halters, and those, he dug. Or tried to.

Joe came running; he brought along his marked deck, four pairs of topped dice, some young muscle he was breaking in, and five hundred and twenty-seven Sabine chicks. He thought if Romulus's doll-dry mob took a good look at all that merchandise, they'd toss their boss out on his clavicle.

But Romulus had other ideas. Old Joe Taitus was only halfway his first roast ox on the half-shell when Romulus turned loose a flock of turkey buzzards for a signal. He'd had them disguised as deaf-and-dumb Mynah Birds, so Taitus wouldn't suspect anything.

Well, you know what a bunch of turkey buzzards can do to a party. Especially since some of the Sabine babes looked pretty much like turkeys, anyhow, and some were kind of stiff and cold from Romulus's homebrew.

The rumble was on. Romulus's heavies jumped up with these chariot chains, switchblade battle-axes, zip spears and petrified olive pits. So they wouldn't get mixed up, they all wore black leather togas with eagles on the backs. Only some of the eagles kept trying to fly home with the boys.

Now the Sabine gang did alright, even caught with their wreaths down like that. One of the young muscles got his sword stuck in his new quick-draw holster, and was so upset he hit Joe Taitus with an ox leg by mistake. Old Joe just smiled and hit him back with the rest of the ox, gravy and all.

Anyhow, the Sabine bunch fled the scene without taking time to get that ox leg out of Joe's ear. When they got back to their own side of town, they found they were exactly five hundred and twenty-seven chicks short.

Joe couldn't take this lying down. He couldn't even take it standing up, because he kept banking that ox leg into posts. He put out the word for all his boys, meaning to go back and waste Romulus's whole city.

This took time, because a lot of the Sabines were out throwing rocks at a bunch of deaf-and-dumb Mynah Birds trying to con turkeys out of their freezers.

Meanwhile, back at the palatium, Romulus's mob was making out like Sal Mineo at a home for wayward grandmothers. The Sabine chicks were all running around yelling rape and keeping hammerlocks on the guys they'd picked.

At least, five hundred and twenty-four of them were. Three of the Sabine dolls were kind of near-sighted, and had feathers all over the place, trying to hang onto some pleading turkey buzzards.

Romulus hid out behind the juke-box to think things over. He figured Joe Taitus would come gunning, so he sent a runner over to the East Side, to tell Percival Lucumo he wanted to see him.

Percy had a little outfit over there—The Clam Chowder, Knitting Fraternity & Mafia-Marching Society. He owed Romulus a favor. Seems Percy's old lady stewed up olive pits in the chowder one night instead of clams. Romulus sent over a jugful of clams already so stewed they thought they were oysters, and were straining themselves trying to turn out pearls.

Now Percy had a buddy named Caelius, a ward-heeler from the docks precinct. He owed Percy a favor for telling him the clams were really olive pits. He'd been wondering what happened to his front teeth.

So Percy and Caelius went over to lend Romulus a little muscle.

All this time, the Sabine chicks and the Romans were orgying all over the place—giving kerosene hot-foots, founding the first nudist colony in a wine vat, trying to fix a fight between Victor Mature and six lions—stuff like that.

One toothless old lion with foggy bifocals got carried away and gummed hell out of the gladiator before somebody pointed out his mistake in the script. He apologized, saying he wasn't cut out for character parts.

Continued on Next Page

Over on the bandstand a steel combo was taking off on Maximinus the Short Sword, and a cross-eyed bongo drummer was making do with a pair of skins he'd found.

The skins belonged to two plucked turkey buzzards who'd got caught in a badminton tourney down by the wine vats. They were hollering like everything, but the bongo man just hollered back. "New sounds, man!"

This Sabine chick named Zsa Zsa Gabonius was doing a toe dance. That ain't easy, with GI boots. All in all, the orgy was a big success, as orgies go.

The last ones to go home were a toothless old lion that kept complaining a certain gladiator had fouled him by biting on the break, and a pair of two-toned turkey buzzards.

Joe Taitus finally got his army together, and looked around for a nice place to rumble with Romulus. He decided on a hill called the Tarpeian arx, deserted homestead of Marx the Arx.

Man, this mob came on like Pietro Gunnis, because they were ready. Here it was the height of the olive oil season, and they were short one thousand and fifty-four pit-picking hands, not counting Zsa Zsa Gabonius, who could strip olives with her big toes, too.

Romulus's gang drew up just this side of the Palatine River, where they had a stockpile of loaded clams and a stable of snapping turtles trained to bite flats into chariot wheels.

Trouble was, these turtles could not tell a chariot wheel from a fat toga. So there were a lot of pudgy Romans jumping up and down and waiting for it to thunder so the turtles would turn loose and let them back into the fight.

Joe Taitus had troubles, too. There was this platoon of Romans wearing helmets with horse's tails on them, and the Sabines bet their swords on the favorite. This wasn't a bad idea, since this particular tail had won its last three races.

But the winner — with a new track record — was a mangy old lion with his bifocals on backwards who thought somebody was trying to hit him with milk bottles and crossed the finish line in reverse.

Well, Joe broke that up, soon as the bookie paid off, and led the attack on the Roman line. It wasn't easy, because he had to keep walloping guys who wanted to sprinkle him

with catsup. He hadn't been able to get that ox's leg out of his ear, and they thought he was a free lunch counter.

The battle went first to the Sabines, then to the Romans, while a bunch of bedraggled turkey buzzards cheered for both sides to lose.

Along about the eighth round, both mobs ran out of gas. They just sat there and looked mean at each other until they got their wind back.

Then what do you figure? Here come the disputed chicks, led by Zsa Zsa Gabonius and the cross-eyed bongo drummer.

"Knock off this rumble," Zsa Zsa said. "You're waking up the kids."

Sure enough, you could hear five hundred and twenty-seven kids yelling murder, and Joe Taitus didn't have to get rigged answers to tell him whose kids they were. He'd

been to an orgy or two himself, you know.

Since it was like all in the family, he shook hands with Romulus, and they made a deal to take turns being big wheel.

Joe Taitus got along fine until he got took for a sacrificial lamb one night, and this high High Priest did him in with a rusty meat cleaver.

Romulus got cranky in his old age, and some senators and union chiefs wasted him, sprang in the middle of the new capitol building.

Since some of the old mob might not like this, they whittled Romulus into sixteen-ounce strips and smuggled him out under their togas, like so many skinny herrings.

Well, as the old boys said: *argumentum ad verecundiam* — which as anybody can see, probably started the whole thing.





Who could blame his ancestors for the error? What wise man in all the universe would have suspected the tribes would unite? Who could know that a race that had only possessed simple radio for a few hundred years could have possibly reached so swiftly into space?

Impossible, yet earthlings had done it. Preaching kindness and spitting fire, the cursed race had spread unquenchable across the stars. And their most potent weapon was their birth rate. They multiplied like the spider worms of Mars, dropping progeny every few months, instead of the twenty years needed to produce a Sadis child, instead of the decent incubation periods of other worlds—the ten years of Regulus, the five cycles of Chojo II.

Kia stopped to stare at the whiteness of a huge lily. It was pale and sickly-looking as the skins of earthmen. He whipped the vibra-knife across it, sneering at the mangled bits tossed to the winds.

He'd give his share of eternity to get that blade into the soft guts of every earthling, to listen to them scream wet and wild, to take his careful time with their bodies, holding death away through each slow, glorious Rite of Sadis.

In time, Kia promised himself as he went through the jungle, in time. Maybe not every earthman; there were too damned many of them. But one here, another there, ambushing them from the little known planets under quarantine. Like this planet, this Hymenoptera the masters of the universe feared for reasons known only to themselves.

Earth ships came to Hymenoptera; the charts listed it as a port of call. But not the swift, deadly ships of the Patrol. Instead, there would be only fat, weaponless spacers marked with that ridiculous insignia of the scarlet cross, medic ships sent from Mother Earth to less fortunate planets.

Kia stroked the flanged butt of the sonic pistol. One of those medic ships would depart Hymenoptera with a Sadiasian outlaw at its controls, his hands wet with the rich blood of his so-called masters.

He licked at his lips, savoring the anticipated agonies of the earthmen,

but he forced himself on through the jungle toward the clearing he'd seen from his ship. Women would be there—or females to serve as women.

Kia shrugged. Let earthlings draw moral lines of distinction between themselves and sub-humanoid females of other worlds. That was only more of their master-race propaganda; it wasn't for Kia. He grinned, remembering the small, furred female on the last planet, before the Patrol got word.

What the boiling hells did Kia care if the females of Mortus IV died, if they had relations with other than their own males? They were willing enough, and warm enough, too.

Such races had always been fair prey for the men of Sadis in their saucer ships. Before earthmen came; before the "masters" quarantined worlds.

Briefly, Kia wondered what quirk of Hymenoptera's people had brought the gold seal of quarantine upon them. And he puzzled again at the lack of lower life forms here. But the—what did the star charts call them?—yes, the Vespidae, could very well be vegetarians, like the grass-eaters of the Nebulae worlds.

Kia preferred meat, raw and dripping—not burned dry as dainty earthlings liked it. And the *type* of meat didn't matter to a Sadiasian.

It could be stripped quivering from a body with the same number of arms and legs as he had, as the master race had. Call it what they wished—humanoid, sub-humanoid or animal. It was all flesh to Kia's kind—just as all females were women.

His senses warned him that a village was close, and Kia moved more cautiously. At the edge of a clearing, he peered through the fronds of bushes. The settlement was primitive—no guards protecting the strange houses that dangled bag-like from the sides of a sheer cliff.

Hands poised at his weapons, Kia moved into the open. The Vespidae came to greet him, alerted by a sensitivity he didn't understand. Whirring softly, they floated out of the odd houses, and he saw the blue sunlight flash on their wings.

Kia touched the butt of his pistol. These people were large and swift; with those wings, they could be dangerous. He watched them circle down and land in a half-circle before him.

Then he felt it—the pulsing emotion that flowed out from their bodies. It was hunger, but not the kind to fear. Deep-reaching, powerful, it was the stark avidity of sex. His eyes swept over the crowd and saw they were mostly females, that only a few puny males crouched in the background. Kia's chest swelled.

One woman stepped out, transparent wings folded close and shimmering. She was beautiful, lovelier than the vaunted women of Earth. Long, tapered legs swept up to join in rounded precision with flared hips, covered only by a weblike wisp of cloth. Her breasts were full and high, proudly naked and arched.

Her face was different—not the weak beauty earthlings praised, but touched with the dark sullenness that women of Sadis possessed. She had a many-faceted slant of glittering eyes, the subtle cruelty of lush, selfish lips that were faintly misshapen, reminding Kia somehow of mandibles.

But trifles didn't count. She was a woman, posturing now to show him her best points—the thrust of a firm hip, the ridging and flexing of satiny stomach muscles. Kia stared.

The woman was *dancing* for him, her clear wings fluttering in a stylized ceremony older than the iron mountains of Sadis. It was primitive, stirring—a courting dance like the bee insects of Earth, when the hive queen rose skyward with males struggling after her, until she chose the strongest for her mate.

But there was no queen, only the king Kia, free to pick a mate from a thousand offerings. For others danced, too—one with night hair and breasts of veined marble, another with hungry tremors rippling over her magnificent body, that one who ripped away her webcloth and cupped her hips in both hands, begging him with the bared vee-gleam of herself.

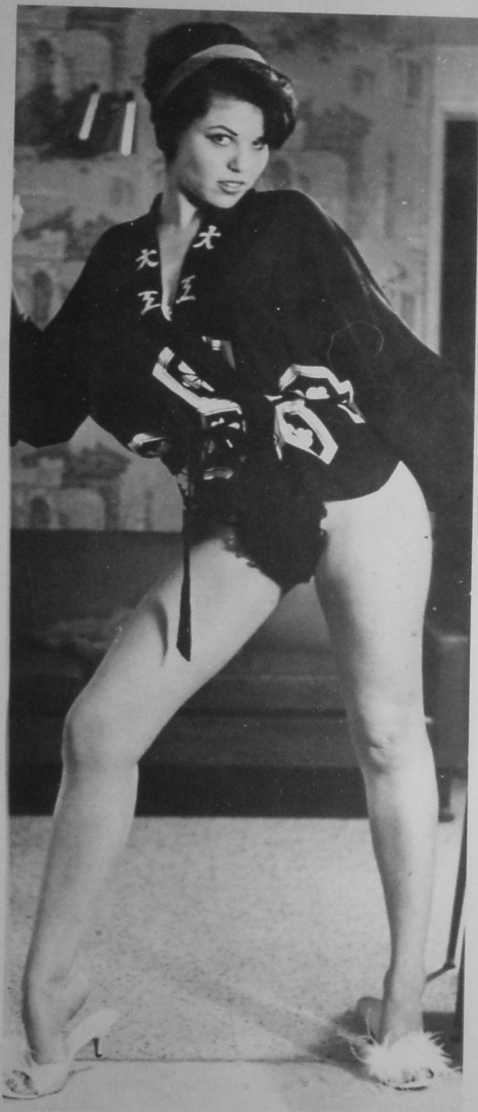
Kia licked his lips, trembling fingers fondling the hilt of his vibra-knife. No wonder the great earth-



Art Messick's photography became well known in the Hollywood scene and this was one of his last endeavors before moving to Paris where he now plys his trade with a great array of French models at his fingertips. Messick shot the black and white as well as the color foldout.

These pictures are all carefully posed with the girl putting her best facial expressions directly into the camera. This is in contrast to the many pictures where the model is allowed to go through various routines so the lensman can catch the spontaneous shots.





Luxurious surroundings make the ideal setting for any model to pose in and nearly any part of the apartment in this case could be used to very good advantage.

.....  
*HOSE POSE A PROBLEM*





SHOULD GIRLS POSE IN HOSE? "Sure," said one model when asked by the photographer to don a pair of the sheerest silk-en hose, "I enjoy posing in hose." "Not only do they enhance the beauty of a girl's legs but I know how much men enjoy seeing a woman wearing them." Such was the testimony of one model but still others would refuse to appear half dressed. "Either shoot me clothed or unclothed but none of this sexy half-clad jazz for me," is a common phrase used by models who rebel at the lingerie poses. Several models who balked at wearing any apparel provided at the model studio



were finally convinced by the assurance that the garments were either brand new or freshly laundered. Then to gain further confidence, the model is often assured that after the modeling session is over, the hose, panties, etc. will be hers as a gift. This is not too expensive a price to pay to gain the models confidence and assurance to the point where her cooperative attitude will soon tell in the way she poses for the pictures.



BABS LANE







When a model really enjoys posing for pictures, it is evident in her every picture. Such an energetic subject will hurry into a new pose as soon as the lightflash signals that a frame has been shot. She will keep trying several angles until the lensman is satisfied and if she is experienced at posing, then often times her very first pose will need no further improvement and the shot will be taken.



The importance of hose to a woman's grooming is the fact that on any important date should her hose snag and cause a run, the most composed female is apt to flare into a rage at her bad misfortune. Many young girls have fled the room at a party or on a date to remove a pair of hose that show a run. Let the hose become wrinkled or loose and watch a woman sneak off to a quiet corner or a secluded spot to adjust her stockings. Always discreet, the woman will pretend no one is watching even if a thousand eyes are glued to her every move.



A woman never stopped in the park or stooped over at her desk to adjust her hose that every pair of male eyes in the immediate vicinity either fixed on her action or did a double take so as not to miss a single view.



Net hose do not snag or run as fast as silk hose and minor breaks can be easily repaired without too much trace. However, a single broken strand can be very noticeable.

Many of the models working professionally today are from Germany, but England has contributed almost as many girls and they are considered to be the outstanding group in the world. This is not to say American girls do not stack up with these foreign girls but U.S. girls are more reluctant to enter the profession.











Meanwhile back in the kitchen (cheese)cake between takes on  
the model whips up a little a still camera.





# Flattery Will Get You Somewhere

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU SOMEWHERE — is definitely a true axiom when it comes to taking a picture of a female subject. With proper lighting, angles, and other careful planning, a tall girl can appear shorter, a short girl taller.



Take a girl's legs for instance. As she twists her legs in front of a camera, each little movement will give the leg a different shape from the camera's point of view.



A leg that is pointed too close to the camera may appear to be much larger and out of proportion to the other leg that is farther from the lens.

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# FLATTERY WILL GET YOU SOMEWHERE



Flattery is an important word in photography. Show a model a picture that flatters her and she will say that it is a good picture. Show her one that does not flatter her in hair arrangement, facial expression, figure angle, or in her attire, and she will find something against the picture. Some models are most critical of every picture they see of themselves and yet others will like every pose whether it be good or bad.



In shooting pictures of the female bustline, more care than ever must be exercised. It is important that both breasts appear to be identical in size and shape to make a good picture. In shooting straight on, both must be on a level since one high and one lower can give an odd appearance and usually undesirable picture.



With such a striking resemblance, it was tempting to approach the girl and give a light tug at her hair to see if she wore a wig. But on the other hand, it could have been a neat dye job that so changed the girl's appearance.



Gloves are usually worn by only the best dressed women. In pictures such as these, they help to cover hands that are otherwise difficult to place, even though they seem out of place on a half-dressed model.



# Hose Pose a Problem

Men have been intrigued by the sight of women in sheer silk hose for many years and this has never been more evident than in the hundreds of letters that wives write to editors of magazines that feature that type of pose featuring hose. Many women even confess that they must hide while removing their hose since the very sight of the act moves their husbands to undeniable amorous advances. Of course, should the woman herself desire to provoke these advances, she has only to make certain the husband is watching, the light is good, and the time is ripe.







by

Rick Richards

IF YOU THINK it's all milk and money managing the affairs of a Sexpot Movie Queen, my friend, then you've got several concreted masses of stony material in your cranial cavity! So . . . I'm an educated Agent, I can't just say rocks in the head. But it's all the same, a fast ticket to Ulcer Alley.

She 'bugs' me. In more ways than one.

This chick I handle is none other than Lamour LaPorte, or, as the Hollywood columnists have christened her — 'La Lap'. She is the biggest, sexiest hunk of spoiled brat that even Sequinville-on-the-Pacific can boast. There's no need for me to tell you about the procession of odd-balls she's made the newsprint with, you know them all. Unless you've spent the last ten years on a desert island — you lucky devil!

In any other racket, or with any other client, an Agent gets them work, oversees all their business affairs . . . and goes home at 5 p.m. In this racket, with this kookie client, I wind up a wet nurse to the weird waif. A stacked waif, but so what if you're not getting any. And it's less complicated if you're not.

Why do I put up with all the chicken-etc.? I'll tell you why. Ten percent of a half-million a year is fifty thousand a year, That's Why!

But even so, I often ask myself after a particularly complete holocaust, "Is it worth it, Brad?"

I always answer, "No, it isn't."

But I don't quit. I'm sick, yes, but crazy I'm not!

While the sane Agents with the dittoclients are at home in front of their fireplaces in the evening I'm still wrestling with the Producers and Directors that Lamie (that's what I call her in my calmer moments) doesn't like. She's busy, I admit, wrestling with the ones she does like. But with her it's for pleasure. If I ever do get to sleep before dawn it's always a night she gets pinches for drunken

SHE WAS NO JAYNE MANSFIELD

BUT SHE COULD HAVE BEEN

driving, picked up in a narcotics raid, (she doesn't indulge herself, but she likes to see how the other half lives) caught by the other guy's wife with the other guy, takes a nude swim in the City fountain, or elopes to Las Vegas with a bell-hop or a bogus Count. In any case, it's always a major crisis and who does the Studio call? Her Mother? Her sister? Her best friend? No. They call her wet nurse, Bradford Gordon, Artists Representative!

Yeah they call me, and I run to hold her head, her hand, or her Subpoena — whichever the case may be.

But I'm fast getting fed up with it all. I keep telling myself I'm going to blow my stack soon and quit this rat race. What the hell's the use, the rats are winning anyway. I've even started saving my money for a get-away (why last year my Christmas Club alone amounted to Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars clear!). After all, a man can stand only so much and then he's either got to quit the racket or go off his rocker.

All the Studio press releases credit me with discovering Lamie. They say I first saw her perform at a Teen dance at Hollywood High and pegged her for immediate stardom. Which is the gospel truth, except for the one fact that they neglect to mention, that she haunted my office for three months before that begging for a chance (I never asked her what at!) and I finally went to the dance just to get her off my back.

What made me think she could be a star?

Well, she breaks the tape at a fast forty, can you think of a better reason? Then shut up!

The miracle, I guess, was that I was right.

And I've never regretted discovering her, except day and night since the first time I laid eyes on her.

# "PERCENTER"



The studio press releases credit me with discovering Lamie. What made me think she could become a big star? She breaks the tape at a fast forty, that's why.

Continued on the Next Page

I got her a good contract at the Studio, and I saw to it that she got good half-dressed (dressed) roles till the public (spelled M-E-N) saw enough of her to make her a Big Box Office Star.

But she 'bug's' me! Fifty thousand a year isn't even enough.

I've never resorted to a head-shrinker, but some times (most times) I think I should. For me, as well as for her. This broad's got to be nuts to get into so many donnybooks. And she's driving me nuts with them too. I wonder could we get a wholesale rate. Two-for-one?

SHE WAS SEVENTEEN when I discovered her, eighteen when she became a Star, and nineteen when she was tossed out of one of New York City's leading hotels for walking nude through the hallways and stairs from the ninth floor suite of a Band Leader to the sixth floor room of his trumpet player. In quick succession there followed an ex-gangster, a restaurant owner, one of his bus-boys, an Italian Count (real), an Italian Count (bogus), a top crooner, a bartender, a Movie Producer, a cab-driver who brought her home drunk one night and stayed eight months, a cowboy star and another gangster.

Just a fun-loving Gal, my Lamble!

But what was I complaining about? I was getting my ten percent wasn't I? Of her money.

But I swear this chick didn't even stop for breath! And the amazing thing was that except from an attempted shakedown by the bogus Count and the two gangsters — there were no repercussions from the male half of her dalliances. They walked around in a half-happy-daze for a couple of months after the whing-ding with her and the only signs of an after-effect from then on were a smilingly meditative look on their kissers whenever her name was mentioned. Not one of them came back for a second helping of the 'exclusive romance' bit. Not the ones she had married, nor the ones she hadn't bothered to marry.

Something about our relationship was annoying me (besides the constant trouble) and I couldn't figure out what.

What was my gripe? I got my ten percent of her money didn't I? What else did I want?

The thing came to a head the early a.m. that I was called by the Los Angeles Police Department to fish her out of the Griffith Park fountain on Los Feliz Boulevard. She had greased herself for a channel swim (in the fountain) and the cops had tried but they couldn't hold onto her. She was a greased non-Pig, was the way they put it. I was to come and get her before dawn and the Mayor arrived.

When I pulled up in my Caddy convertible she was still running wild to the shouts of glee of a goodly crowd including half the policemen on duty in L.A. and all the photographers in town.

I'll spare you the screams, the curses, the laughs, the mees. Suffice it to say that I got her into the convertible and away from the crowd.

The cold shower had sobered her considerably and she was somewhat contrite as I did the scrub job, she even helped a little, particularly with the job of getting the grease I'd gotten off her and onto me. With an extra five minutes of diligent searching and scrubbing we finally got all the grease off each other and into the shower's drainage system,

there just as dawn started to streak the sky, and I just made it too. There's no need to be graphic about how I was able to hold onto her when the boys in blue had failed to (and I'm sure the entire force had a try at it, they were in a damn festive mood when I arrived). My method of holding onto her was fairly simple, as any wrestler can tell you, and I succeeded in getting her away from there before I would have had to drive her home in broad daylight.

I drove with one hand, keeping her from wriggling out of the car with the other. When we finally arrived at her Bel Air mansion I was a wet, greasy mess. She was going to get a bill for the new Palm Beach suit she had ruined for me, and maybe even a hit in the head from me too. To cap the deal, when I rang her bell there was no answer, it was then I realized it was Thursday morning — the day her help was off! I was stuck with her alone in the succo mausoleum she called home. She seemed fairly satisfied to be held in the unique grip I had her in and in fact seemed to be purring a bit as I held her that way and she stopped squirming in an effort to get away and simply squirmed for her own pleasure. But I was getting more burned by the minute as the cool morning air chilled me through the wet suit.

She started to sing at the top of her drunken lungs while I fumbled for the keys to her place that I had left at home on my bureau in my rush to answer the emergency call for help from the Police. We had an audience of several neighbors before I found a window that was unlatched and threw her in through it, following on her — er, heels.

I shoved her into the shower stall, locking her in, after I turned on the cold water and as she screamed I rinsed out my (supposedly) wash-and wear suit. After that I took a half dozen clean wash cloths and unlocking the shower door I joined her in the shower stall, turned on the warm water and spent the next half hour scrubbing every last globule of grease off her half-million-dollar-a-year body. And I didn't entirely enjoy the job either. Partly, but not entirely.

Then we soaped each other under a hotter spray (or was it my imagination, the hotter spray, I mean) and came out of there two washed-out and well-scrubbed pink cherubs.

While I'd done all the nasty part of the job I'd called her every vile three, four and five letter word I knew and a couple I'd invented on the spur of the awful moment. I'd also sworn I was through with her, she'd have to get a new Agent in the morning, hell it was morning — well, she'd have to get a new Agent on Monday. I was through — I quit!

WE WERE BOTH a bit beat when we dragged ourselves out of the now ruined bathroom and into her plush bedroom, falling exhausted onto her king-sized circular bed.

"Brad," she whispered warmly into my ear as I felt myself drifting off to a well-earned sleep.

In my sweetest manner, I replied "Bitch!" and fell asleep.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER when I awoke, my memory of the early morning's horror dimmed by sleep, our arms and legs were intertwined. My eyes opened on her sweet face close to mine, she had been watching my face through veiled eyes. Lids partially lowered.

"Brad," she murmured.

"Lamle," I replied.

A strange look came over her face, she stared at me questioningly, then a look of dawning awareness grew.

"How do you spell Lamb?"

"Lamb?" I said dumbly.

"Lamb!" she said.

"L-A-M-B."

Those rich, red lips smothered mine with a soft, warm, slippery kiss, her tongue finding mine in the inner reaches of my mouth and doing a wild dance around it. When she came up for air, she said, "You've been calling me Lamble for all these years, and I thought you were saying Lamble. You've loved me all these years haven't you?"

"I . . . I . . . but before I could get my protest started she had clutched my face to her heaving and monumental bosom. She stroked my hair with her free hand. I tilted my head a little beneath her fierce grip. A man could suffocate under those lovely waves of pretty pink flesh. My desire to get away had decreased considerably, now I was only interested in what I could get away with. Her free hand left my hair and traced the line of my spine, from the top to way, way down. Then she teased my rib-cage and tickled my stomach.

My troubles were forgotten, I was at ease in an oddly, but pleasantly, hectic sort of way.

A wonderful hour later we crawled back onto the bed and lay in a mutual stupor for a long time. Then I lit cigarettes for us and we inhaled deeply and silently for some more endless time.

"Well, Ten Percenter?" Lamble finally said.

"One Hundred percent satisfied!" I said in answer.

"Mutual," she said, then after a pause, "You'll keep managing me?"

"What else?" I meant it as a statement.

"This else!"

And she was at me again!

WELL, NEEDLESS TO SAY, I'm still managing her affairs (all her affairs) and I'm not quite so upset when disaster strikes.

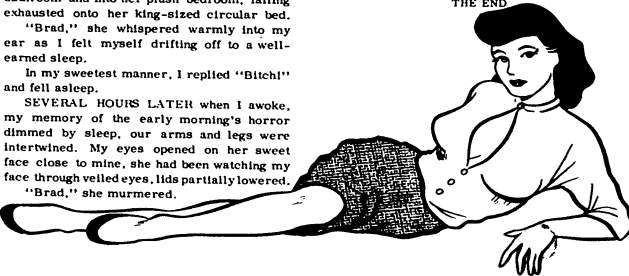
Lamble, or Lamble as the case may be, is still a wild and woolly hoyden and would be ulcer bait for a lesser man.

I learned two things that morning (and, I blush to admit, that weekend that lasted from Thursday morning till Tuesday night) though I admit I learned one of the things from remembering the guys who had traveled the route before me. I knew I was a good Agent, and I proved that long weekend that I was a good MAN. But, Lamble, she's all woman, and for me she'll remain my favorite Client.

Client, mind you!

Ten percent of that broad is all any man (Agent or not) can handle!

THE END



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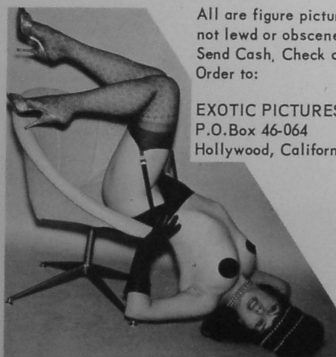
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